

THE BAD DREAM

By Beverly Syvrud

I awoke from a dream in the middle of the night feeling so unsettled and despairing that I had to get out of bed to assure myself that it really was only a dream. But I couldn't get it out of mind.



I was driving along Highway 340 when the cars began to slow down, which happens often when there is an accident on the bridge. We inched along for about 4 miles when all the cars just stopped. Time passed as I listened to the radio hoping to find out the cause. More time passed, still no movement.

Finally, I got out of the car and walked up the road.



At first I was alone, but then people began opening their car doors and walking with me. Soon we were a great river of people just walking and walking, not talking. The expressions on their faces was frightening.



I didn't want to go with them. I wanted to stop. I needed to get back to my car. I tried to turn around, but the people just kept pushing me forward. They were yelling something at me, but I couldn't understand.

I wanted to go back to my car. Were they saying something about tanks in the road? I had to get back to my car. It was like pushing against huge waves in the sea. I was losing my breath and getting hotter and hotter. I wasn't making any progress back to my car. All these people were going to

tramp over me, I couldn't breath, I was surely going to die.

Thank the Lord, I woke up at that point. As I was drinking my hot milk, I wished for a Joseph to interpret my dream. Perhaps it was all the



pictures and news of the war in Palestine - all those children with their big, terrified eyes clinging to their mothers while the

noise of gunfire was all around them. What dreams will they have for the rest of their lives—if they live to have dreams.

